

2Pac "Fuck All Y'all"

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[Intro:]

Ha ha ha...fuck all y'all...fuck all y'all...I don't need
nobody
Fuck 'em...Fuck all y'all

[Verse 1]

Money gone fuck friends
I need a homie that know me
when all these muthafuckin' cops be on me
I got problems ain't nobody calling back
now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats
Remember me I'm ya homie that was down to brawl
Sippin' Hennessy hanging with the clowns and
all we used to do is drink brew, screw and common
knew
we had bitches by the dozens oh we fuckin' cousins
You can throw ya middle finger if ya feel me loc
a nigga just got paid and we still was broke
It took time but finally the cash was mine
all the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind
Look around and all I see is snakes and faces
like scavengers waitin' to take a hustler's pape's
and when you stuck where the fuck is all ya friends
They straight busted and can't be trusted fuck y'all

[Chorus]

Fuck all y'all [2x]

[Verse 2]

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use
cause I'm a hopeless thug
Ain't no love reminiscing on how close we was
way back in the day before they put the crack in the
way
and heeyyy how much money can you stack in a day
It's gettin' rough collect calls from my niggas in court
I recollect we used to ball now just living's enough
I stand tall in the winter summer spring or fall

Thug for life scrawled all across the wall
and all about my dollars make me wanna holla
drop an album sell a million give a fuck about tomorrow
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark
these marks keep on huffin' and puffin'
ain't no fear in my heart
What's going on in the ghetto still struggle and strive
I still roll with the heater smokin' chocolate thai
In 94 I'll be going solo
too many problems with my own
so I'm rolling do-do
Fuck all y'all

[Chorus 3x]

[Verse 3]

I went from rags to riches quick
to socializing with the baddest bitches
went from a bucket to a rag with switches
I'm seein' death around the corner
I'm bumpin' Gloriaaaa doin' 90 'cause I wanna
I'm getting high like I said it with some chocolate thai
mixed with some indonesia watch me fly
And even though I know the cops behind me
hit the weed and uh I continue doing 90 (Biotch)
will I get caught another ticket get to kick it in court
Fuck the law give a shit I'm even worse than before
I know they wanna see a nigga buried
but I ain't worried still throwing these thangs
got me locked in these chains
and hey nigga what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout
soon as I hit the cell I'll be bailin' out
And when I hit the streets I'm in a rush to ball
I'm screaming Thug Life nigga fuck y'all

[Repeat of intro]

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